

Jimmy's Swim

Jimmy Lee Starbird is © Roochak

Jimmy stretched his suit tight, the little Speedo barely covering his crotch and leaving little to the imagination. He always said that he wore it for the sake of speed, but deep down he loved the fact that it wrapped tight around his package, especially when it was wet. He knew he looked good, and he knew the fact that he looked so good made his victories all the sweeter. Here he was, a half-mouse, half-rat mongrel and yet he was out-swimming some of the finest otters and muskrats the Southpaw Swim Team had to offer. His win record had made him team captain, much to the disgust of his team members, and his popularity with the ladies just made them fume. He could hear them whispering behind his back while he lined up in his lane. Normally he would just dive right in and show them what's what, but today he felt like rubbing it in their faces. He nonchalantly moved towards them, running his fingers through his short blond hair and making sure they got a good look at the tribal tattoos on his shoulders. They knew his inks looked better than theirs.

"What are you looking at, 'captain'?" said Marty, a heavily built muskrat who had almost a foot on Jimmy in height. He sneered down at Jimmy from his massive crossed arms, which looked like twin tree-trunks, interrupted only by a ring of fire tattooed around each bicep. "Can't go for a little swim without getting a good look at my junk?" Marty shoved his crotch out, trying to force it into Jimmy's line of view. It wasn't hard, he was massively hung, and there was not a lot of room in that tiny little swimsuit he had on.

"Oh yeah, fag-rat here is just getting his mind on the prize," said Kevin, who swished his massive otter tail behind him like he wanted to smack Jimmy with it. Kevin was even taller than Marty, but his build was much more slender and lithe than Marty. Still, he was at least equally well endowed, and his package seemed to downright spill over the top of his suit, which strained to contain it all. If he got a boner, it was certain to pop right out.

"Oh fuck you two, you just know that I'm the best," said Jimmy. He turned around and wagged his butt at them. "And I know y'all came here just to watch this tight little ass go up and down the lanes all day. You *wish* you could catch it, you fags." His words seemed to strike home with the two swimmers, and their fuming anger served only to encourage Jimmy's bravado.

"Listen here you little shit," said Marty. "Before you came along, me and Kevin owned this place. Don't think you'll stay up on that pedestal forever. Some day you'll make a mistake, and when you do, it'll be us up there."

"Awh, won't you two make a cute little gay couple!" said Jimmy, taking his mark. "Listen, since I'm feeling so generous, and you want my ass so bad, how about we race, hmm? You win and you can finally

have that pert little butt of mine, but if I win, y'all have to pick another pool to work out in and let me have this one all to myself. I know you're too gay to turn down an offer like that..." The boys grunted, clearly driven more by a desire to one-up Jimmy than anything else, and took their marks. Jimmy considered taunting them further, but they did take positions on either side of him, and he knew better than to push the envelope that far. "OK when the second hand on the clock hits the top, it's first to fifty laps. Ready? GO!"

Jimmy dove into the water with a perfect shallow dive, his body barely breaking the surface as he kept it close and moved his arms and legs in perfect synchrony. His smooth, lithe body moved lightly through the water, and though his opponents were no less skilled and determined he quickly put some distance between them. He expertly approached the far side of the pool and then turned hard, his feet pushing him off the edge and sending him flying back, his arms and legs never stopping for a moment. He continued this for quite some time, grinning as his lead became more and more noticeable. After several laps, he was ahead by half a length, then a whole length, then almost a quarter length of the pool. He was toying with them now, occasionally feigning a cramp and then putting on a burst of speed. He could see the frustration on Marty and Kevin's faces as he stuck out his tongue at them and then sprinted, but that was the last thing he remembered.

Jimmy groaned, a sharp pounding radiating from his head and dashing down his body. He squirmed as he felt a tongue in his mouth, and the lips on his were clearly more than just mouth to mouth. When the big hands and face that were pinning him finally let go, he coughed and then looked up into Marty's very satisfied looking face. The muskrat clearly enjoyed seeing Jimmy laid out flat on the floor of the locker room.

"You stupid bitch, teasing us when we were letting you win," said Marty. "You really think that we couldn't catch up to you after all the training we've been doing? Or maybe you just wanted to make sure we got our reward..." Marty's big, strong hands slid down Jimmy's stomach and then to his crotch. They had gotten rid of his Speedo, and theirs, while he was out and the muskrat's big hand squeezed Jimmy's shaft firmly. Marty's own length was hard as a rock and only inches away from Jimmy's mouth. The mouserat gulped. Marty was as long as his hand and as thick as his wrist. Jimmy had never seen such a massive, impressive cock before. It looked brutal, but deep down Jimmy's body wanted it so bad.

"We know you're a little cocksucker," said Kevin, who was working his own crank. Kevin was a little thinner but a lot longer, and his shaft was already dribbling pre. "We've been waiting for this for too long..." Marty moved his shaft closer to Jimmy's mouth, and the mouserat's urges took over as he shoved the big glans past his lips. It was all he could do to get it in his mouth, but he sucked and slurped at it hungrily, letting his mouth drool onto the tile floor. Kevin moved over next to Marty, and Jimmy was soon on his knees,

gurgling and sucking on one cock, then the other, working back and forth between the two, wrapping his hand around whichever one wasn't in his mouth. He could barely get his fingers around them, and he loved it.

"Yeah, little bitch likes 'em thick, huh?" said Marty, gently running his fingers through Jimmy's hair and then scratching the mouserat behind the ears.

"It tastes so fucking good," said Jimmy. "They're so big..."

"Yeah, and it's gonna be slow going getting them up that ass of yours," said Kevin. "Good thing I bought a lot of lube..." Kevin and Marty didn't give Jimmy much chance to resist, dragging him into the showers and pressing him up under one of the showerheads. Marty pulled out a lifeguard's whistle and used it's string to tie Jimmy's hands to the showerhead while Kevin jammed a pair of Speedos into the mouserat's mouth. "Can't have your screams luring people in here, though I know you love an audience."

Marty dropped to his knees and began to lick and probe at Jimmy's hole, nosing and licking as the mouserat moaned into his improvised gag. Kevin tossed Marty a large bottle of lube and the muskrat was soon getting his fingers into it, probing and spreading Jimmy's hole. "Damn, bitch is stretchy...Good thing too, huh Kevin?" said Marty. The otter just chuckled.

"Whatever, I'm going first. This was my idea, and in any event you're thicker than I am, you'll bust him up," said Kevin. Marty shrugged and backed up a bit, and Kevin moved in, pressing his huge, lubed dick up against Jimmy's tailhole. Jimmy groaned into his gag, tears coming to his eyes as the otter's massive shaft slowly forced it's way in. Kevin gripped Jimmy's waist hard, grunting and continuing to push as he sunk in, and then crying out as he felt it finally begin to sink. "Fffuck, what do you know, the bitch took it!" said Kevin, wiping his brow and panting.

Kevin took it slow and steady, giving Jimmy plenty of time to adjust as he worked his massive shaft in and out of the mouserat's tight ass. Jimmy moaned into his gag, and Marty moved in front of him, licking and slurping at Jimmy's preing shaft as the little mouserat was fucked deep and gentle by Kevin. After thrusting for several minutes, Kevin pulled out, leaving Jimmy stretched and messy. "OK Marty," said Kevin. "I think I loosened him up pretty good, your turn."

Kevin took a few steps back, and Marty grinned as he wrapped his hands around Jimmy's waist, his massive arms gripping the little mouserat firmly. "You ready for this, bitch?" he asked. Jimmy had no chance to reply, as the muskrat drove his fat black length home, making Jimmy's eyes tear up and his toes and tail curl. It felt even thicker than it looked, and it was most certainly painful, but it felt so good. Marty also took it good and slow, giving Jimmy lots of time to adjust even as he drove it hard to the hilt. By now Jimmy was dribbling pre onto the floor, and his squeals of pleasure got louder and higher as Marty continued to drive the point home again and

again. His shaft exploded with juice, painting the blue shower wall with white splatter. "OK, get him down," said Marty. "Let's paint him up."

Jimmy was let down and ungagged, and as he sat on his knees panting Marty and Kevin rubbed themselves furiously, the massive males groaning as they came and splattered all over Jimmy's cute little face. They were both massively backed up, and their spunk coated Jimmy almost completely, filling his muzzle until it was overflowing and running down his cheeks. Jimmy moaned and gulped it down, whimpering and panting as he swallowed again and again on the massive load.

"Damn, you're good," said Marty. "Fuck, I'm gonna need a second helping."

"I'm gonna need a lot of second helpings," said Kevin. "Listen Jimmy, how about you lay off the asshole act and we all start spending a lot of private time together?" Jimmy grinned. Two massive, thick cocks he could suck and fuck whenever he wanted? This must be his lucky day.